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OLD YONKERS

1646-1922

A Page of History

By

Henry Collins Brown

Author of Old New York
Editor Valentins's Manual

The Yonkers Trust Company
Edition

New York
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Special Edition

The Yonkers Trust Company

(The Bank of Personal Service)

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Allison's History of Yonkers
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The Yonkers Statesman
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New York.

FOREWORD

IN this little volume, no attempt has been made to include chapters with which the public is already familiar. The brilliant part played by Yonkers in the great Civil War and in the World War just closed has already been recorded in books specially written for this purpose. And the Revolution is part of every school book in the land.

It is the Yonkers of yesterday that I have sought to portray. We have passed a fiftieth milestone as a city. It is well to recall some of the old landmarks and some of the characteristics of our village period. These records are easily lost. I have sought to preserve some of them in these modest pages. Historically speaking, the trash of today is the treasure of tomorrow.

I have been extremely fortunate in securing a large number of old photographs, paintings and street scenes that have never before been published. My success in this direction should encourage others to still greater and more important exertion in this field. In a very few years

the⁴ identity of Yonkers as a separate community from the great City of New York will have disappeared. Already the dividing line is almost obliterated. These reminders of our early days therefore are of the greatest value. Every citizen should co-operate with those who follow me in the collection and publishing of every item that can be secured relating to the past.

I take this opportunity of returning thanks to the many persons who cordially assisted me in the preparation of this little volume. On another page I have gladly recorded their names and have also indicated the numerous works of reference which were consulted in the course of its preparation.

Special and generous mention should be made of Mr. William Dowdney Murray, without whose invaluable assistance and painstaking research this book would have lacked much of its detail.

It is hoped that this effort will succeed in awakening a greater interest in the city; that it will quicken our civic pride and make us all resolve that the Yonkers of the future will be a better and a finer Yonkers than even the romantic village and township of earlier days.

YONKERS, June, 1922.

THE AUTHOR.

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Indian Queen Tavern.

Yonkers' famous hostelry removed to Nepperhan Avenue and New Main Street to make way for the Getty House, 1851.

Courtesy of S. Emmet Getty.

Old Yonkers

1646-1922

Indian Days—Settlement by Van der Donck

WE now rank among the patriarchs of early American communities and it will, no doubt, be of great interest to many of our readers to pass in brief review some of the outstanding features in the development of Yonkers, from a little Indian settlement on the banks of the Hudson, to its present-day position as one of the important cities in the Empire State.

This I shall try to do, and in a very informal fashion. There are still many fascinating relics of our old city in existence among our people. And in the pages which follow you will find many a half forgotten scene and many a pleasant memory. Brief I must be, but in



Valentine Homestead, With George Washington and
"Farmer" Valentine in Foreground.
Courtesy of D. F. Valentine.

that resolve I am sure my readers will approve.

Indian Days in Yonkers

Exactly when the Indians disappeared from Yonkers it is difficult to determine. The last settlement of the Nappeckamaks that can be definitely located stood near the old Abraham Fowler residence. Bolton says that in one night all the Indians suddenly migrated, and as a tribe disappeared completely from the neighborhood. Descendants of Tackarew, the Sachem who sold the land to Van der Donck, were known to exist as late as 1702, as we find several of their names attached to a deed conveying part of old Younckers to Jacobus Van Cortlandt. Tradition has it that another old chief, Schucktaman, the last of his tribe, occasionally visited the village long after the English came, but was more often seen in his canoe paddling on the river, no doubt casting wistful and puzzled eyes upon the palefaces who now occupied the land of his fathers. The story of the Indians in and about Yonkers would make a fascinating chapter all by itself, and deserves it. There are two burying grounds, the first on Blackwell's Hill, and the second on the old Fowler place—but



First View of Yonkers—1784
From the famous original in the pri



Known as the Stauffer View.
Private collection of Mrs. Oscar H. Rogers.

we must for a moment forsake the realm of the red man, for time presses, and proceed to an equally interesting if less exciting period closer to our own day.

Adriaen Van der Donck 1646

In its lifetime, Yonkers has seen the little Dutch village of New Amsterdam slowly but persistently expand, till it now all but embraces the little village that was once fifteen miles distant from New York. With the coming of the victorious English, it saw the stockade or wooden wall, erected by Stuyvesant, removed. And to this day the most famous street in the New World—the street whose name is more frequently printed in the papers than any other ever known—still exists to remind us of the time when Wall Street marked the northern boundary of the little trading post set out on the borders of a howling wilderness by the Dutch nearly three hundred years ago. And the name of our own city—Yonkers—is also a quaint reminder of the brief period when Dutch dominion in New Netherland was supreme.

About 1646 the land now covered by our present city was granted by the West

Indian Company to a young scion of the Dutch nobility, Adriaen Van der Donck by name. He was a friend of Patroon Killeen Van Rensselaer, who had established a colony near Albany. He was able to render valuable service to the Director General of New Amsterdam in certain negotiations with the Indians and in other directions. His request for a grant of land just north of Manhattan Island was therefore favorably received, and he was forthwith installed as the proprietor of a considerable section of land on the Hudson River at a point called by the Indians *Nepperhaem* or "*Rapid Waters*." This seems to the readers of today rather a poetic name for the unromantic, sluggish river which still flows through Yonkers; and it will further surprise them to hear that old time writers described it in the following delightful language: "The crystal waters of this sweet stream arise from two perennial springs in the bosom of the Chappaqua Hills. To this nymph of the valley the Indians, as was their custom, offered sacrifice, the perpetuity of her motion typifying to them the eternity of God."

The tenure of Van der Donck was naturally brought to a rather abrupt close



Rear View of Baird (later Baldwin) House and Gardens.
Building now owned by city—the Waring site, South Broadway.
Drawn by H. M. Baird, 1853. Courtesy of the Misses Waring.

by the capture of New York. It was uneventful but at the same time unforgettable. He gave our city its name and *he rescued from oblivion the first view of the great City of New York ever shown to the world.*

By reason of his wealth and social position he enjoyed the courtesy title of a *Jonge Heer*, which corresponded in a sense with the English title of Lordship. His settlement after a while began to be mentioned Yonkheers and also as Donkers land. Between these two there was eventually evolved a series of names—*Yonkheer, YOUNCKERS, Jonkers* and finally *Yonkers*—all of which were in common use at various times. It does not seem to us that "*Yonge Heer*" is so apt to have been the origin of Yonkers as "*Donkers.*" It would be more natural to call the place after the name of the owner of the land. And in the Dutch-English construction of those days, which softened many English words, it is quite easy to see that Yonkers would be a natural result. This seems to be the correct derivation of the city's name, and connects it closely and logically with the land occupied by our first settler.

But the other and more remarkable manner by which Van der Donck's name



The First View of New York Ever Shown to the World,
About 1642. Preserved to Posterity by Van der Donck.

—*New York Historical Society.*

must ever remain a bright particular star in the annals of Yonkers, arises from the fact that he wrote one of the very earliest books on New Netherlands ever published. It was printed by Joost Hartgars of Amsterdam in 1656. This little book has now become by far the most celebrated literary production of its time. It is rather insignificant in size, about 4x6 inches, a trifle larger than the one you are now reading, and has scarcely a hundred pages. Yet this modest little publication contains one of the most justly celebrated views of New York ever published.

The picture was drawn by Kryn Fredericks, the engineer who accompanied Peter Minuet at the time the Dutch first landed, and who built Fort Amsterdam. It represents New Amsterdam probably about the year 1642. It reposed for many years on the walls of the Stadt-Huys in the little city. A suggestion was made by one of Stuyvesant's "nine men" that "perhaps the folks in Holland might like to see how their little settlement looked in far-off America." And it was accordingly dispatched by the next vessel. It evidently disappeared for a while but in some inexplicable manner was miraculously preserved and finally appeared as



Residence of Judge Woodworth in the Fifties—Phillipse
Manor House.

the leading feature in Van der Donck's book. Only a few copies of his work are now in existence. One is owned by the New York Historical Society and is valued highly. It is from their copy that we are enabled to show this wonderful picture. This extraordinary stroke of good fortune by which Van der Donck was able to present the first authentic, contemporary view of the great city of New York was a remarkable achievement and will forever bestow a degree of distinction upon his little book, beyond even its literary value, which is very great. Every student of early New York history must consult the pages of Van der Donck's volume. Even among the priceless collections of the New York Historical Society this little view is regarded as among their choicest possessions. Yonkers may, therefore, pride itself not a little upon the fact that its first settler rendered such distinguished service to its big neighbor on the south, besides placing Yonkers among these earliest records.

Van der Donck is also entitled to the credit of another important public service. He was instrumental in bringing over the first and one of the most famous of the Dutch ministers—the Rev. Dr. Johannes Megapolensis—and he built



An Early Train on the Hudson River Railroad.

the first church at Fort Orange. Taking him all in all, this first citizen of Yonkers was a man of no small accomplishments. He married Mary Doughty, a daughter of the Rev. Francis Doughty, a New England clergyman. He died in New York in 1655. Some years after his death his widow married Hugh O'Neal and removed with him to Maryland. Of Van der Donck's children there seems to be no trace. So disappears from history one of the most picturesque and romantic figures of these early days, and who will ever be remembered as the first chronicler of New Amsterdam and the Founder of our city.

The curtain now rises on Yonkers as part of the far-flung borders of the British Empire, and the scene shows Philipse Manor by the Grace of William and Mary, on the banks of the lordly Hudson in the Royal Province of New York.

Yonkers in Manorial Days

We are now to trace the early development of our city under this feudal system and to witness its later emancipation, as the result of that great struggle for human liberty, which we now know as the Revolution. The existence of such huge estates as Philipse Manor,



St. John's Church Before 1858.

contributed in no small degree to the underlying conditions which brought about this war.

Early in the year 1693 it pleased their Majesties, "William and Mary, King and Queen, Defenders of the Faith," etc., as these worthies styled themselves, to grant unto "our loving subject, Frederick Philipse" that huge tract of land which subsequently become known as Philipsborough Manor. Roughly speaking, it was about twenty-five miles square. It began at Yonkers on the river and extended to about Croton and went inland to the Bronx on the East. It originally included Kingsbridge on the south. There were one or two small pieces in the immediate vicinity of Yonkers not included in this wholesale grant—one section, a mile square in particular, lying to the east, and which retains *MILE SQUARE* as its name to the present day—and another section owned by Jacobus Van Cortlandt, which is now Van Cortlandt Park. This is referred to frequently in old histories as *Little* or *Lower* and sometimes *Old Yonkers*.

As an evidence of the thrift that follows fawning, Frederick Philipse was only required to pay the trifling sum of four pounds twelve shillings per annum



Type of Engine and Station at Yonkers About 1857.

for all this valuable property. He journeyed each year on the day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the British fort in New York and there paid the sum to the Governor. The grant was absolute and passed wholly into his possession, "his heirs and assigns," to do with as he pleased.

The land was rented out to farmers but never sold, except to his own children, as in the case of the marriage of his daughter to Van Cortlandt. By the same system of entail, which prevailed in England, the property was handed down from father to eldest son, from generation to generation. It can readily be seen that with the rapid growth of population, such an imposing tract of land so near the seaboard would become of extraordinary value not only from an economic point of view but political as well. Its existence was a menace in more senses than one. These feudal lords were bound to become of enormous wealth. They naturally attached themselves to the fortunes of the Crown. If the manorial plan had not been disposed of by the Revolution, it is quite certain that some other measure would have been adopted to abrogate this mark of royal favor and restore the land to all



Rare View of Manor House.
From Ballou's Companion, 1870

the people. It was in its very nature opposed to the Mayflower Compact and was sooner or later doomed to failure. Nevertheless, this mediaeval system seemed firmly transplanted and the Manor House for over a century was the chief center of interest in the cradle days of Yonkers. Around it clusters all the romance of scarlet coats and periwigs, of sedan chairs and postillions, that belong to Colonial days.

In the height of its splendor it was indeed a regal home, and formed a fitting background for the powerful family it sheltered. On all sides were evidences of wealth and culture. It stood upon an eminence commanding superb views of the lordly Hudson. Behind it rose the majestic hills of Westchester. Noble terraces surround the house and a beautiful lawn sloped gently to meet the waters of the Hudson. Ornamental trees dotted the landscape here and there. A deer park adjoined the garden. A long avenue of stately elms formed a dignified approach to the house.

The interior of the mansion was no less impressive than the exterior. The hall is capacious, and its wide staircase with antique balustrades and banister has a fine effect. The walls are wainscoted



Early View on Main Street About 1858.
From a colored lantern slide made in London.

with rare woodwork and the ceilings highly ornamented in Arabesque design. The marble mantels are carved in exquisite taste. The old-fashioned fireplaces in the bedrooms are faced in Dutch tile and tell a story from the scriptures in picture form. Compared with the average home in these simple days, the Manor House was indeed kingly in its appointments. Some idea of the hospitality that was constantly dispensed from this regal establishment may be gained from the fact that more than sixty servants were maintained—twenty white and forty colored—and innumerable horses. For the convenience of his family and friends he had his own private chapel, which we now know as St. John's Episcopal Church, and which is the second oldest sacred edifice now in use in this part of the country, St. Mark's in New York being older.

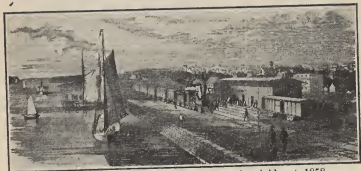
The Lord of the Manor of Philipsborough, to give him his full title, was not only of the first importance socially as we have seen, but his power over his retainers was so far reaching that it amounted to an absolute control, even in matters of life and death, over every person on the estate. He held court once a year; imposed punishment, fined



Old St. John's, Walls of Which Form Part of Present Church.

Courtesy of S. Emmet Getty.

or imprisoned, as he saw fit. In a very real sense the happiness and liberty of every tenant was at the mercy of the lord. This does not necessarily mean that he abused his authority or that he imposed capital punishment from mere caprice. On the contrary, every indication seems to point to a rather beneficent administration. The tenantry met once each year at the great hall to pay their rents and "tithes" and enjoy a great feast. That the terms were not onerous may be inferred from the fact that the record shows that in lieu of cash, a day's work or a couple of fat hens were received in settlement of the year's obligations. The payment of small sums in cash are also recorded, but the amounts—rarely beyond three or four pounds—do not seem excessive. Perhaps in this age of telephones, radios and subways we succeed better in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, yet in passing this bygone day in review we confess to a certain allurements of life as it was lived in the days of the old Manor. There is an atmosphere of repose—an absence of rushing for the 5:15—that makes a strong appeal, and somehow or other we are glad that Philipse made his home in old Yonkers, and that his house is still standing.



View of the Water Front and Station, About 1858.

Washington Meets Mary Philipse

In this famous old house was also born a little baby girl who was destined to a strange career. Fenimore Cooper portrayed her as "*Frances*," the heroine of his famous novel "*The Spy*." Harry Ogden, the artist, has preserved for us the most interesting incident in her career. She is shown descending the wide staircase at one of the stately revels given in the Manor House. A young Virginia soldier, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the Provincial troops, is seen standing in the hallway with his gaze riveted upon the daughter of the house as she approaches. Mr. Ogden has entitled his picture, "*The first meeting of Washington and Mary Philipse*."

Washington was probably there at the instance of his friend, Mr. Beverly Robinson, at whose home in New York he had been staying, and whose wife was a sister of Mary Philipse. The accomplishments and beauty of the daughter of the house made a deep impression upon the heart of the young southerner, but his duties incident to the French and Indian war kept him for the moment from pressing his suit. Fate decreed

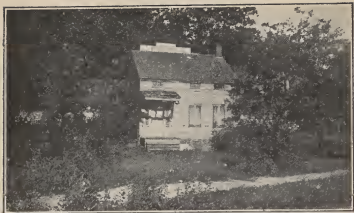


The Cornwallis House, Opposite Yonkers.
Photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer.

that he should never again see the object of that night's devotion and in due time Miss Philipse became the wife of Capt. Roger Morris, an officer in the British Army and a companion in arms of Washington some time previous, in Braddock's disastrous campaign against Fort Duquesne.

While the guests at the wedding were still feasting, they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a tall Indian, clad in eagle feathers and blanket, at the door of the banquet hall. No one saw him enter. All eyes were on the stranger and a hush fell over the assembly as the old chief, raising his hand above his head, began to speak: "As the land of my fathers disappeared when the paleface came, so shall your possessions vanish when the Eagle shall despoil the Lion of his mane." Before the guests had recovered from their astonishment at this sudden interruption, the Indian had vanished as quickly as he came, leaving no trace.

This message was as mysterious as the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Not until many years afterwards, when the magnificent domain of the Philipses was confiscated after the Revolution, did its true significance appear, and the prophecy come true.



Old House, Formerly at Junction of South Broadway and
McLean Ave.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

Mary Philipse ended her days in England in the little village of Saviour Gate in the shire of York, whither her husband had repaired after the close of hostilities. She died in 1825, at the great age of ninety-six.

The closing years of such a long life must have been filled with amazing and bewildering thoughts. She left New York at a time when it seemed utterly ruined. Its population had dwindled to a paltry ten thousand; its commerce had vanished. Two great fires had levelled its most important sections and their melancholy ruins stood ghaunt and ghostlike, silent witnesses of the horrors through which the city had passed. Her own beautiful home on Harlem Heights—one of the most imposing and famous in all the Royal Province of New York—to which she had come the happy, carefree bride of a dashing young officer high in the King's favor—was now as if it never had been. True, it shone with undying splendor in the pages of history, but not as the home of Roger Morris. As one of the headquarters of Washington, it was destined never to be forgotten. His mere temporary occupation was to bestow upon it immortality. Even the heights on which it stood were now



A Morning in June on the Saw Mill River.
Photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer.

known as *Washington Heights* and not as *Harlem Heights*. His was now the greatest name in all the world, and many said the greatest of his age.

How much like a dream all this must have appeared, as she recalled her fairy-like girlhood days in the old Manor House in Yonkers—her meeting with Washington, and all the dramatic and startling events that so rapidly succeeded.

Half a century had passed. Fifty years of the most startling changes ever recorded had filled the pages of history. A new metropolis had sprung up on the ruins of the city she had left. Even a second war with England had been fought and won. The young Republic had proved its right to endure. A new era had begun in the history of mankind and the Declaration of Independence was no longer an idle boast. The princely domain over which her father ruled was now nothing but a memory. Men like Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, De Witt Clinton and Fenimore Cooper had usurped the prominence formerly held by the lords of the Manor. Did she rejoice that the old home had been spared? Was it of any consequence that Angevine, one of the little pickaninnies



An Early View of the Getty House.

Courtesy of Edwin C. Mott.

that used to play around the old homestead, was still living and delighted to tell the new generation stories of the greatness of the days that were no more?

Of the other two figures that were present with Washington at the Manor on that romantic night—Beverly Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, sister of Mary Philipse—a word or two is necessary. Washington continued his friendship with Robinson without interruption till the Revolution. It was at Robinson's house at Garrison that news was brought to Benedict Arnold of the capture of Major André at Tarrytown, then part of Philipse Manor. Arnold knew instantly the significance of this message, and at once made his escape.

The old Robinson house was destroyed by fire some years ago, but the road leading to the river taken by Arnold is still pointed out to visitors. Colonel Robinson subsequently threw in his fortunes with the British, and the friendship between him and Washington naturally ended. Major André, long before his capture, spent a night or two in Manor Hall while acting as aide to Sir Henry Clinton, who made it his headquarters while perfecting his plan for



Original, First View of
From a water color by E. A. Dusenbury.



the Getty House, 1853.

Courtesy of Miss Getty.

the attack on Verplancks and Stony Point, May 31, 1779.

In the Twilight of the Revolution

The final end of the great Philipse Manor came in May, 1784, when the Legislature declared the land forfeited to the state by reason of the disloyalty during the Revolution of the last of the lords of the Manor, Col. Frederick Philipse. The Commissioners of Forfeiture thereupon ordered the land sold. "The dissolution of this more than century old homestead, although justified by the laws of war, nevertheless, cannot be contemplated without a stirring of those kindlier human sentiments which generous minds entertain towards those who conscientiously differ from them in matters of principle." So writes Doctor Hall in his admirable monograph on Manor Hall. The breaking up of the Manor property was a gradual process. It was successively owned and occupied by several private persons up to 1868 when it was providentially purchased by the city as a civic center.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there was little to distinguish Yonkers from a score of other similar sleepy little villages along the Hudson. It was

mostly tenanted by farmers. On account of the excellent water power a few saw-mills, blacksmith shops and gristmills gradually appeared. Being the first convenient stopping-place for the stages between New York and Albany, it enjoyed a measure of prosperity from transient trade. During the War of 1812, when all kinds of country produce was much in demand at fancy prices, the neighborhood enjoyed all the emoluments of a small sized modern boom. The inns or taverns were well patronized, and at one time nearly a dozen were doing a prosperous business.

One of the products of the adjacent farming community that will be gladly recalled by old timers is the enormous crops of luscious and beautiful apples. Their very names are enough to arouse a flood of pleasant memories, "Pound Sweets," "Newton Pippins," "Baldwins," "Northern Spy," "Catheads," etc. These Hood River apples at ten cents you see nowadays are certainly good to look at. But he who has never tasted an old time Yonkers apple knows nothing about apples. And a barrel of them rarely cost over \$1.50.

It was also a great pickle growing region. This succulent vegetable was raised



Factory, Otis Elevator Co.
Company of Wide Awakes assembled in celebration of the
election of Lincoln.
Courtesy of Otis Elevator Co.

in profusion. Cherries were abundant; sheep raising was an important industry. The land was well watered; the farmers had a growing market near by and it seemed a highly favored community. Cheap and frequent transportation by boat was likewise a favorable factor. It has witnessed all the successive developments of river boats from the sloop to the Clermont, and from the Clermont to the Day Line.

Our First City Directory

In the autumn of 1858, the compiling of a directory of Yonkers was undertaken by Thomas Smith, then publisher of The Herald. The work was completed and the book issued in the spring of 1859. It contains 897 names. A short history of the township and the village is given as an appendix to the little volume.

Some of our best known citizens appear in its pages. Mr. Robert P. Getty is recorded as an inspector, and resides on Broadway. John J. Ackerman, builder of the first elevated railroad, lived on Warburton Avenue. The Saunders, Alexander, David and William, appear as machinists, with their place of business on Clinton Street. Charles E. Waring and John T. Waring appear as hatters. Napoleon



The Old Dutch Reformed Church.

Site of later church, recently converted into Strand theatre.

Sarony, member of the famous lithographic firm of Sarony, Major & Knapp, lived on Palisade Avenue near his friend and partner, Henry Major. These two gentlemen were large landowners in Glenwood, and advertised an auction sale of lots by means of a beautiful colored show card, a great novelty in those days. We reproduce elsewhere a copy of this now scarce and valuable relic of these early days.

Frederick S. Cozzens, who afterward became widely known as the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," lived on Downing Street. His son of the same name is famous as a marine painter, and lives on Staten Island.

The Yonkers Savings Bank had an office in the Getty House. Ethan Flagg was president, and S. D. Rockwell secretary. The Yonkers Bank was also established in the same year (1854), with a capital of \$150,000, with John Olmsted as president, and Egbert Howland as cashier.

There were two papers, the Herald and the Examiner, both on Main Street. The Herald still survives greater than ever. The office of the Gas Works was in Jones Place.

There were several enterprising retail



Acker Edgar Co.'s Store, With Lincoln's Funeral Arch, 1865.
Courtesy of Dan Devlin.

merchants, Hoyt & Brother on Broadway being among the largest. They sold "fancy and staple dry goods of every description." Prendergast & Coons had a "factory for turning, scroll and rip sawing, and made all kinds of newels, balusters, fence posts, etc." S. S. Peck kept a hat shop at the corner of Getty Square and Mechanic Street. He sold all kinds of soft hats, French felt moleskin, black and drab beaver, straw and Panama hats, bloomers, trunks, umbrellas and canes—quite a brave assortment you must admit. His son, in the same line of business, is a distinguished citizen today.

A. W. Doren kept a coal yard at 3 Dock Street. John Milne, corner Locust Hill and Ashburton Avenue, built hot-houses, conservatories, etc. Henry T. Wakeman, on Broadway, sold stoves, ranges, hardware, carpenters tools, tinware, Britannia ware, etc. Isaac Cable on Mechanic Street made monuments and tombstones. Leeds Brothers on North Broadway were plain and ornamental plasterers. On Chicken Island, Mr. Edward Underhill kept a brewery. The Eagle Hat Works, also on Chicken Island, made steam engines and machinery of every description. Joseph Demarest, at No. 7 Wheeler's Block, sold boots,



Peene's Wharf and Waterfront in the Early Days.

Courtesy of Joseph Peene

shoes, gaiters and slippers, also saddles and harness.

There were nine congregations organized and supporting ministers at that time. Six of them had their own churches, the remaining then using hired rooms.

The Library Association was quite active in that year. It was formed in '54, with Josiah Rich, Esq., as president. John Stevens was president in '57. It also conducted a Debating Society which met in the Library rooms on Thursday evenings and provided a series of lectures each winter, thus giving the citizens a chance to hear and see some of the most celebrated men in the country. It had 1,400 volumes, and had a room in the Getty House. It was the parent of our present Public Library. The directory also mentions the fact that in 1846 Yonkers voted itself "dry" and remained so for a considerable period. In 1851 the entire state followed suit, but the law was never enforced. A prohibition law passed both the Assembly and Senate in that year, but the Governor lacked the nerve to sign it. The present prohibition is nothing new at all.

Altogether, the first directory of our city is full of fascinating retrospections. Many old family names appear in those



Riker House, Main Street.
Warburton Avenue bridge at left.
Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

early pages that are equally familiar to the present generation.

Yet a great many of the families who lived in the '70s and '80s have gone away. They were for the most part well to do, and had rather pretentious dwellings along Warburton Avenue and on Broadway, with plenty of land around them. "The Colgate, Trevor, and Lilienthal estates" are examples. All these old time homes that formerly sloped down to the river have practically disappeared. And the great change has occurred in a few years, comparatively speaking.

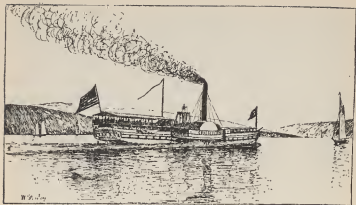
Acker, Edgar & Co. appear as grocers at Depot Street, corner of Main, a location they maintained apparently for nearly sixty-five years. It is only within a few years that they left the old store. Anson Baldwin had a hat shop on Palisade Avenue and lived on Locust Hill. It was his daughter who married Alexander Smith. F. M. Bangs, lawyer, lived in Warburton Avenue. It was his son who became a partner of Grover Cleveland when the latter resumed private life after his first defeat for the Presidency. Mr. John Bashford lived on North Broadway. Bashford Avenue was named after him. John Copcutt, who had a veneer mill on the Nepperhan, lived in Guion Street.



Old-time Passenger Sloops on the Hudson.

Michael Eagan, who gave his occupation as well-digger, gave his residence as Irving Place. Ezekiel J. Elting, in the dry goods business, living on Broadway. Three Embrees are mentioned: George, John and Robert. Ethan Flagg was a real estate broker in Flagg's Hall; lived on Locust Hill Avenue. There are six Garrisons mentioned; four are "captains," one is a grocer and the sixth is a "gentleman." Gilbert Guion, for whom Guion Street is named, is rated as a machinist and lived on Guion Street. The Rev. Reuben Hubbard is a clergyman. Thos. W. Ludlow is put down as an iceman living on Warburton Avenue. Mr. W. W. Scrugham, who afterwards became one of our most beloved citizens, had an office on Broadway, near the corner of Wells Avenue.

In the second directory (if we may leave the first for a moment) we find many new names. One page is devoted to poor Dr. Kellinger (after whom we have a street named). He has a page advertisement, "A caution to merchants." . . . for, he says, "It is nearly six years since the Doctor was stricken down by a stroke of paralysis, and he has suffered everything but death. During his severe illness certain anacondas in human shape



Hudson River Steamboat "Constitution," 1825.
With weight of boilers unsupported.

have sought to destroy him by taking his reputation, which, in the sixteen years he has been before the public, has cost him three hundred thousand dollars. The Doctor would not at this time notice these blood-sucking and poisonous creatures were it not for those whom he will probably leave behind him. He has made three fortunes, and has broke them up among the people out of whom he made them." And so he goes on, averring that he "cures all chronic diseases as by magic." We go on, too, pitying the poor medico who had to defend himself in our second city directory.

Early Steamboat Days on the Hudson

No account would be complete without embracing one of the most romantic and wonderful narratives—the rise and progress of steam navigation on the Hudson River. We who see the palatial steamers of the Day line and all the multitudinous river craft of one description and another can scarcely realize that it is all the product of less than a century—a mere moment in the history of mankind. In fact two of our citizens who recently passed away opened their eyes on a river as yet unconquered, and one of them saw



Hudson River Steamboat "De Witt Clinton," as Rebuilt, 1832.
Showing "Hog Frame" construction, supporting boilers.

the Clermont passing Yonkers on its first trip from his farm in Dunwoodie.

Fulton's great invention produced the most intense excitement the world over. He was granted an exclusive patent by State to operate boats driven by steam on all the waters, rivers and bays of the entire country. This was bad for the new invention. Endless litigation ensued, as the other States refused to be bound by the patents of New York. As a result the industry languished. While Fulton and Livingston were still spending fruitless and priceless years in the courts, European nations, free from this entanglement, made wonderful progress in developing and improving this new method of transportation. It was Daniel Webster who finally destroyed Fulton's monopoly. And, strange to relate, the man who backed Webster financially in the fight and made it possible for him to win was no other than that old-time friend of the people, Commodore Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt did not appear personally. He used one of his captains—Thomas Gibbons. The case is known as "Gibbons against Ogden" and is widely celebrated. The decision of the Supreme Court in this litigation forms the basis for much of the procedure now followed by the Inter-



Steamboat "Chrystenah."

Courtesy of William McConnell.

state Commerce Commission, and the recently organized Port Authority.

The waters of all the States being now open to free navigation, tremendous progress ensued. Stage coaches on land and sloops in the river had been practically the only means of travel. A sloop would sometimes take nine days for the up-river trip. When the *Chancellor Livingston* made the run in nineteen and a half hours the people thought it a miracle and called her the "*Skimmer of the River.*"

But even the sloops were better than the stages. The trip by stage was always rough and very fatiguing. The heavy spring rains caused accidents. The cold in winter was intense. In summer the heat was stifling. The fare was \$8.00 and it never took less than two days and one night.

Yet the sloops were also inconvenient and even dangerous. Squalls on the Hudson appear without warning from behind the headlands. When the boom of one of these old packet sloops started to "jibe," it swept everything before it. Occasionally a passenger would be knocked overboard by the ponderous stick and drown. For this, and for greater speed, the sloop was finally abandoned in favor of steam, and



Ben Franklin Line's Wharfs, 1882.

the sloop became a freight carrier exclusively.

The old Ben Franklin line used to be made up entirely of sloops. They say that the *Katrinka Van Tassell*, an old-time sloop built at Tarrytown and christened by Washington Irving himself, was one of the early boats on this line. *Katrinka* had fallen from her high estate as one of the aristocratic passenger sloops we have just described, and joined the transportation line when she was no longer able to compete with the magnificent *Chancellor Livingston*, *Francis Skiddy*, *Isaac Newton*, etc., lately built for the rapidly growing steamboat trade.

Yonkers, being the first stopping point on the trip to Albany by stage and the last before reaching New York, was naturally keenly interested in any changes affecting transportation. The growing popularity of steamboat travel therefore should have been of immediate concern. Instead, the new found means of communication with the outside world was sadly neglected. For many years passengers desiring to go from Yonkers by boat must first cross the river to Alpine and there connect with the steamer. Passengers for this village also debarked there and were brought over by ferry. A little

NORTH BWAY



North Broadway

Wallace's Shoe Store, Radcliff's Market, Wiggins' Hardware
Store, etc., 1880.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

later this service was improved by an arrangement with the steamers whereby they "slow'd up" to receive our passengers, who put out in rowboats. This was some improvement, but not much. There was a sloop landing quite a little distance from the river on the Saw Mill, just below where Warburton Avenue runs into Main Street, and this little place became in time quite an important part of the village steamboat life.

A regular dock was soon built here, and on this dock was erected a hotel, general store, postoffice and a row of dwellings. A garden adjoined the hotel. It was kept by John Bashford, and for many years was a right attractive little spot. It afforded something in the way of neighborhood sociability. It kept the people in touch with the outside world. In addition to its transient visitors, it was also the meeting place of local politicians, public gatherings and such like. For a number of years Bashford's Hotel and his Sloop Landing played a very popular part in the everyday life of our little village. Mr. Bashford himself was evidently a citizen of some parts, as he was one of the original directors of a newly formed bank, along with Lemuel W. Wells, Robert P. Getty, William C.



First Building of the Otis Works on the River Front.

Courtesy of the Otis Elevator Co.

Waring, Ethan Flagg, William G. Ackerman and other prominent men of that day. A portrait of his daughter, Miss Joanna Bashford, adorned the bills of the bank till it became a national institution. One of these old bills is a treasured possession of the bank to the present day.

Yonkers a Regular Stop for Steamers

The increasing traffic on the river finally induced Mr. Lemuel Wells to construct another wharf an eighth of a mile long. We already had two sloops making daily trips to New York, the *Belvedere* and *Eveline*. They carried farm produce, mainly sheep and garden truck. Cherries were also abundant, fifteen hundred weight frequently going on one shipment. These sloops were succeeded by a line organized by Capt. Joseph Peene, who ran the sloop *Ben Franklin* from Yonkers to Murray Street on a regular schedule. That business is still in existence as the Ben Franklin Transportation Company and is managed by the descendants of Captain Joseph.

When the new wharf was completed all the steamboats made it a regular stopping place. The *Orange* and *Rockland*



Map of Yonkers, 1868, Showing Lay-Out of Streets.

from Peekskill had the honor of being first. There was now fierce competition among the various boats on the river. Speed seemed to be the great objective—everything had to be sacrificed to the passion for haste. It got so bad that captains finally ceased to make complete stops. All they would do was to slow down. Passengers had to hop ashore as best they could, their baggage being thrown after them. Incoming passengers were treated in the same way. The result was numerous accidents. The practice finally became so dangerous that the Legislature stepped in with a law compelling all captains to come to a full stop and so remain till the receipt and discharge of passengers had been accomplished in an orderly manner. Deprived of this means of saving time, the rival boats entered into a series of racing contests that were even more hazardous. The night boats were particularly reckless. This practice led to one of the most disastrous calamities ever witnessed on the Hudson—the destruction by fire of the *Henry Clay* and the loss of over eighty lives. The boat was on fire as she passed Yonkers on an early July morning and was beached in front of Edwin Forrest's home at Mount St. Vin-



The Eagle Pencil Co. Works, 1876, Main Street

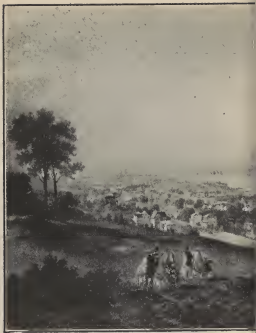
cent. He and others were among those to render first aid to the unfortunate victims. A monument in St. Johns Cemetery marked the spot where many were buried.

Tragic Loss of the Henry Clay by Fire

Although it was strongly denied, the circumstances showed clearly that the *Henry Clay* and the *Armenia* had been racing all the way from Albany. Very inflammable material was used in addition to the regular fuel in a race like this, and what had long been dreaded and predicted finally came to pass.

This terrible tragedy cast a gloom over Yonkers for many days. An old resident tells us how vividly he remembers Rev. Seward's sermon on it. It had one good result, however; it put an end to reckless racing and made for greater safety on the river for those who came later. But it was a distressing occurrence.

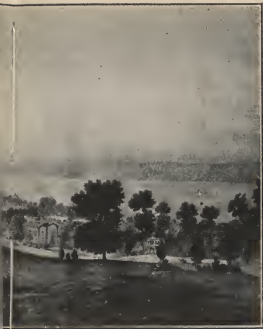
The danger from fire, and especially from boiler explosion, was very great in those early steamboat days. The steamboat in the early stages of its development had a very unpleasant habit of bursting its boiler, with often fatal con-



North Broe

Looking southwest from

Lithograph by Sarony.



adway, 1854.

n near Glenwood Avenue.

Courtesy of Miss E. Van Pelt.

sequences. To avoid too close proximity to such occurrences, a separate boat was built which was towed behind the steamboat, called a barge.

These barges were rather pretentious and were most comfortable. They were nicely furnished, with state-rooms and a dining-room. Quite a little style was observed at meal-time, the captain taking his place at the head of the table, just as if he were on a regular ocean liner. Canvas awnings provided shade on the deck and much attention was paid to the comfort of ladies and children. It was certainly an ideal mode of travel. This improvement, however, was gained at the sacrifice of speed and was never popular. New ideas in the marine boiler were meantime constantly perfected, and presently a device for controlling the steam pressure proved successful and a new type of steamboat was the result. It combined the roominess and comfort of the barge, while at the same time permitting the requisite speed and safety so necessary if the steamboat was to hold its own against the rapidly growing power of the railroad.

This was accomplished by the invention of what is known as the "hog frame" method of construction—a new

principle whereby the front and rear sections of a boat are held together by a superstructure built amidships on the port and starboard sides so that the dead weight of the engines and boilers would no longer "break the vessel's back," as it were. With this great improvement successfully achieved, the length of a boat had practically no limit. Handsome cabins, tastefully furnished, individual rooms, lounging decks and other comforts and conveniences were now possible and were speedily introduced. River travel therefore became a delight, and the business of the new boats increased by leaps and bounds.

The barges, however, remained as useful vessels for the transportation of hay and other bulky produce from the river farms to the city. Even that business had eventually to give way before the advancing power of steam, and the last days of these fine old barges were spent in the service of churches, clubs, etc., for picnics to various points up the river. When Alpine Grove and Dudley's Grove were popular among the Sunday schools of New York and Brooklyn, there was hardly a day in the summer that they would not be seen making for one or the other of these well known resorts. Dud-



View of "The Arch," Foot of Valentine Lane.
Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

ley's Grove, especially, had many admirers. It was delightfully located just beyond Greystone in a dense wood that sloped to the river. It had a splendid supply of spring water, had a large equipment of swings and possessed splendid shade and fine bathing facilities from a little dock built out into the river. It was a familiar sight in New York to see a huge banner spanning the street stating that such and such a Sunday school would have a picnic at Dudley's Grove on the Hudson.

Some of the boats of that period with the hog frame device are shown in our illustrations taken from Ward Stanton's splendid work on the History of American Steam Vessels. Mr. Ward was one of the ill-fated passengers on the *Titanic*. He had spent a year in Spain studying the "Alhambra" for a series of decorative panels for the new "Washington Irving," but they were also lost when the ship went down. The successive improvements in shipbuilding are shown in his drawings.

Names like "Albany," "De Witt Clinton," "Clermont," etc., have been frequently duplicated as successive ships have borne them. Here are some of the popular boats in the period between the building of the first wharf in Yonkers



The Copeutt Mansion.
Still standing in changed surroundings.
Courtesy of Mrs. Charles A. Leale,

and the incorporation of our village as a town:

<i>Champlain</i>	<i>Isaac Newton</i>
<i>Highlander</i>	<i>Thomas Powell</i>
<i>Rochester</i>	<i>Albany</i>
<i>Chancellor Livingston</i>	<i>Armenia</i>
<i>Henry Clay</i>	<i>Alida</i>
<i>Rip Van Winkle</i>	<i>New World</i>
<i>Francis Skiddy</i>	

Aside from the larger craft, a number of local lines between New York and Peekskill ran regularly, making Yonkers one of their stops. Many of my readers will doubtless recall the old *Chrystenah*. Before her were the *Antelope*, *Riverdale*, *Shady Side* and *Rockland*. These boats made frequent trips each day to New York and enjoyed a lucrative patronage till well into the '80s. They went as far north as Peekskill.

Our sketch of these old time steamers on the Hudson is necessarily greatly condensed. We are sorry that our space forbids a more extended description. Enough has been printed, however, to recall these by-gone days clearly and to place them in the annals of the town on the Fiftieth Anniversary of its founding as a city for further expansion if the opportunity arises. This period was an important one in our history.



Copecutt Mansion's Main Hall.
Courtesy of Mrs. Charles A. Leale.

End of Commuting by Boat to New York

The *Riverdale*, *Alexis*, *Adelphi* and *Chrystenah* have long ago ceased to call for passengers at Yonkers Dock. Even in spite of the railroad, this method of reaching New York was popular, as we have said, until well into the '80s. The first real break occurred about 1886. There was a fog on the river that morning; it was late in September, and the *Chrystenah* was behind her schedule. A train rolled in about 8:30 and hung around longer than usual. First one steamboat traveler, out of patience, decided he would take the train instead, and then another. The movement spread like fire, and soon all the boat passengers were aboard the train. That marked the beginning of the end. The steamboat rapidly lost its trade and soon the railroad had it all. It has never revived. When last seen the *Chrystenah* was high and dry in a small cove in New Rochelle, whither she had been driven by a gale. Her back was broken and she will never sail again. The various Sylvan boats—*Grove*, *Stream*, etc.—served for a time on the Harlem line to Peck Slip, finally landing up in the inland waters of the Florida Keys and the St. John River.



Interior Train Shed, Old Grand Central Depot, 1872.

Courtesy of N. Y. Central R. R.

The Coming of the Railroad

The third stage of development in transportation in Yonkers began with the opening of the Hudson River Railroad in 1849. It immediately altered the entire aspect of practically everything. The stage coaches were the first to go. Then the taverns. In 1851 the Indian Queen Tavern, or Nappeckamak Inn, kept by James Bashford, gave way to the Getty House, one of the most palatial and imposing structures outside of New York and the eighth wonder of the world in its day. On another page we show a remarkably rare picture — the first ever made — of this famous hostelry as it appeared soon after completion. This is a most interesting relic of these early days and should be in the custody of the Public Library. No doubt the owner, through whose courtesy we are able to show this interesting item, would acquiesce in such a proposal.

It is said that when Mr. Getty opened his hotel, he wished to call it "The Havemeyer," after his friend of that name. But the citizens were so pleased with his enterprise that one night they placed on the building huge gilt letters spelling "Getty House." And from that



Carpet Mills—the Terrace City in the Distance.

Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

time to this it has always been so known.

When the railroad first began running, the engines were much smaller than those we are now accustomed to see, with wide flaring tops, and burned wood instead of coal. All over the outside ran strips of brass which shone and glistened in the sun. The men took great pride in the appearance of their engines, and all this brass work was rubbed and polished every day. The black paint was never allowed to grow rusty and had an extra coat of varnish that cast a reflection like a mirror. Oh! they were joyful sights to see, were those little toy engines, and were the pride of all beholders.

But, alas! when old Commodore Vanderbilt took control, all these gewgaws and furbelows, as he termed them, had to go. It took time to keep them looking natty, and time meant money, and nattiness never earned a dividend or added an ounce of pulling power to an engine and never would. So all these fixin's were consigned to the scrap heap and a serviceable but depressing black took its place. And if you look at the New York Central engine today you will see that this same somber but serviceable color scheme has been continued ever since. Along with the brass rail and the red



The Old Pig Nut Tree, Hawthorne Ave.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

paint disappeared another more or less friendly custom which then prevailed—the naming of an engine or a coach after some popular official or locality. Thus we had *De Witt Clinton*, *Adirondack*, *Samuel Sloan* and *Dolly Varden*. Now we have nothing of the kind. The old intimate, personal atmosphere has gone and cold formal numbers alone remain.

In the old days the conductors knew every regular passenger personally. He knew when the latest baby was born; helped mother with the children when she made one of her infrequent trips to town, and never thought of insulting a regular commuter by asking for a cash fare simply because he had changed his suit and had forgotten his ticket. Next day he punched it twice.

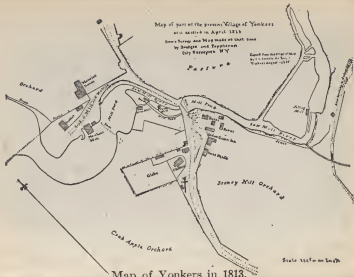
Monthly tickets were then sold on a sliding scale. It commenced at about \$5.00 for the first thirty days, gradually declining each month till on the twelfth you paid about \$2.57. The running time hasn't changed much these thirty years, if at all. It took about thirty minutes then, and it's the same now. The 5:25 out of New York, first stop Yonkers, was considered about the classiest thing in railroading that was ever likely to happen. It left the old Grand Central depot

Map of part of the present Village of Yonkers
as it existed in April 1813

From Survey and Map made at that time
by George and Stephen
J. Van Dyke N.Y.

Export from the State of New York
by the Yonkers and Dutchess
Highway Map No. 10

Plat 10



Map of Yonkers in 1813.

from the Vanderbilt side, where the Fourth Avenue car stopped. The street cars ran parallel to the depot on this little side avenue up to Forty-fourth, before it turned into Madison Avenue. A long carpet runner, extending through the entire train (except the smoker), marked the 5:25 as the train de luxe of the road. The baggage was also the "Club" car. This car never carried more than a few trunks, so for \$2.00 a month you could have your own private old hickory chair in this car, with plenty of room to move around in, or you could join your usual party in a game of cards.

The windows were always kept scrupulously clean. An old time commuter would refuse to ride with the filthy panes that are provided today. The seats were stuffed and covered with red plush. We all kicked when the new hard clean cane seats were introduced, but now we wouldn't change.

The Park Avenue tunnel in those days, especially on hot summer nights, was anything but comfortable. The cars stood out in the yards all day in the burning sun and were only brought in when the crowds started homeward. The windows were left open so that we got a little fresh air before entering the tunnel at



Mourning for Lincoln's Funeral, 1865.
Southern corner, Main Street, Getty Square.
Courtesy of M. J. Wilson.

Fiftieth Street. Then every ventilator, door and window must be immediately closed to avoid the deadly coal gas. It took ten minutes to reach fresh air again at Ninetieth Street, and the snap with which those windows and doors were cracked open was a caution. With the temperature at 96 degrees or better in the summer, these ten minutes were quite a trial. Still we never complained. We even tried to laugh it off by boasting to our Jersey and Long Island friends that our road furnished us with a Turkish bath every night for nothing.

Another thing that always impressed me was the "flying switch" by means of which we always ended our run. The engine speeded up just before she came to the switch where she dropped her engine, leaving the train in the control of the brakeman. I never remember the brakes refusing to work but once, and then the cars ploughed up the bumper at the end of the track and tore up the mason work almost to Forty-second Street. No one was injured beyond a shaking up, and as this flying switch was practiced by every local train that entered the depot, I have never yet understood why it was practically free from danger nor why it was never called into



Tally-Ho Coach in Front of Getty House, 1876.

Courtesy of J. Irving Burns.

question. It was certainly a dangerous operation.

Electricity has changed all that, and, though it costs us nearly twice as much to ride as before, we are free from cinders, smoke and gas and the old time discomfort of the tunnel in hot weather has disappeared. The trolley time-table service has not yet put in its appearance. When the new service was first talked about, it was promised that no time-table would be needed once it was in operation—the cars would run every few minutes just like the trolleys. Perhaps they will eventually, but before that no doubt the subway will be at Getty Square.

The pictures which we show are of great interest. The Grand Central depot was the realization of Commodore Vanderbilt's fondest ambition. The train shed was a marvel. The little stations in Yonkers, which we are privileged to reproduce, show the great advances which have been made since the railroad first began, and probably the future will continue the same progress. The recent portraits of commuters on their monthly tickets, while not popular, appears to have been necessary, owing to certain reprehensible practices by commuters on the railroad farther north.



The Old Station at the Foot of Ashburton Avenue.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

Queen of the Hudson—The *Mary Powell*

No mention of that glorious era of fast river sailing would be complete without generous reference to that most lovable of all the old craft that plied her waters—the *Mary Powell*, "Queen of the Hudson."

And Queen she was. For more than forty years this superb steamer remained the unbeaten champion in her class. She ran with the precision of a watch and slipped into her dock exactly on the minute. She was a prodigious favorite with Yonkers people, and hardly a wedding was celebrated fifty years ago but included a trip up the river on the *Mary Powell*. Her run was between Kingston and New York. She rarely went to Albany. No matter what the wind or tide, fog alone excepted, the *Mary* would poke her nose around Kingston Point promptly on time every night and tie up exactly at the same minute day in and day out. She was sailed by her owner, Captain Anderson, and despite the growing competition of newer and more luxurious boats, the old *Mary Powell* maintained her popularity to the end.



Baldwin's Pond From Copcutt Grounds, Showing "the Glen"
and Houses on Ashburton Ave.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

As she sailed past Yonkers on her last trip there was many an eye that was strangely dim to think that never again would they tread the deck of the fine old steamer. It was endeared to them by association with some of their pleasantest and dearest memories. Both Captain Anderson and his son, who succeeded him, have also passed away, which seems a fitting and appropriate happening now that *Mary Powell* herself is no more.

Old Time Fishing on the River

We no longer go fishing, nor is the bathing so attractive as it was when a pebbly stretch of beach along our shore front was a constant invitation to plunge into the cooling depths. Movies, motor cars, "Proctors," and the "Strand" seem to occupy the first claim on our affections, despite the fact that John Reid, a Yonkers man, introduced the game of golf in this country, thereby giving a great stimulus to the love of outdoor sports the country over.

During the administration of Governor Hughes, which is not so far off as to be real history yet, a delegation of river boatmen called upon him to protest



Striped Bass, thirty-six inches long and weighing eighteen and one-half pounds caught in Hundson River between Riverdale and Yonkers by Mr. G. P. Morisini, 1890.

against the vast number of nets which the shad fishermen had spread all along the shores opposite Yonkers, and which they claimed interfered with navigation. In those days one could row out from Dock Street to where the fishermen were hauling in their nets and get all the most delicious roe shad he wanted for a quarter.

That is only a few years ago, but already a shad seems about as extinct as the dodo. It is morally certain that shad have virtually disappeared from the sludge-infested waters of the Hudson. While factories are more or less unavoidable, the reckless and wanton pollution of the waters of the Hudson is an insult to our intelligence as a people. It is utterly unnecessary, and this wonderful source of cheap and delicious food is still within our reach had we but the sense to apply the remedy within our reach.

"Tom Cods" or Lafayettes were plentiful at the first appearance of frost and all the shore front of our city provided excellent vantage points from which to make a catch. They too have gone. Whitefish and bass also abounded, but not so plentifully. They are rarely caught nowadays. And the seven and eight foot sturgeon exist only in the mythical tales



Baldwin's Pond and Hat Factories.

Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

of a Baron Munchausen, although more than one man in Yonkers has seen them and assisted in their capture.

While one rarely hears of any considerable fishing nowadays off the docks or in the immediate vicinity, there still gather quite a few enthusiasts who form a fringe around the string piece at Riverdale and Greystone. The solitary figures that once dotted the shore line all the way up, beginning at Spuyten Duyvil, are gradually disappearing. When the season opened this miniature Izaak Walton was never missed. In rainy days or clear it was all the same. Occasionally he would be hidden behind a huge umbrella when it stormed, but as a rule he was content with the protection of a slicker.

Young Morisini who lived at Riverdale was a most enthusiastic fisherman. Down in old Dutwill's bait shop in Forty-second Street can be seen a fine picture of Giovanni holding in his hand a magnificent bass measuring thirty-six inches and weighing over seventeen and a half pounds. We wrote Mr. Morisini for a copy, and he very kindly brought it to our office himself and spent a delightful half hour recalling the fine old fishing grounds between Yonkers and Riverdale.



Yonkers Yacht Club.
South from Sugar House Dock.
Courtesy of Hon. S. H. Thayer.

The fish in the picture was captured right between the two places, and was only one of many that fell to his skill as a fisherman. For some peculiar reason there was a little section just where the Harlem joins the Hudson that was a favorite feeding ground for bass. Half a dozen boats were usually anchored there, more or less, all through the summer.

Like many other old attractions fishing off Yonkers has gone to join the Indians. Alas and alack.

Old Time Fourth of July Celebrations on the River by the Boat Clubs

There seemed to be more activity along the water front thirty or forty years ago than there is today. The Corinthian, the Palisade and the Yonkers Yacht clubs were flourishing, organizations and some of the boats owned by members enjoyed more than a local reputation. I recall the *Henry Ward Beecher*, sailed by Jack Warren, and owned by Charley Bevers and Wardy Tompkins of Hastings. The *Beecher* was probably the fastest sloop on the river at the time and for many years won nearly every contest in which



The "Beautiful Curve" in



Main Street About 1860.

Courtesy of M. J. Witson.

she entered. The appearance of the *Beecher* always created a sensation. She was admirably sailed by a crew that knew no fear and were, if anything, inclined to recklessness.

Charley Bevers, one of her owners, ran a nice little hotel in Hastings, east of the railroad track. A curving sandy beach in those days ran around the rear of his hostelry and a small wooden dock, belonging to Ferguson's Coal and Wood yard, formed a convenient landing place. It was a great hang-out in the summer time for all the amateur skippers up and down the river, and many a pleasant hour can be recalled with the old International Hotel in the foreground.

The boat houses along the river front in those days also made a great fuss over the Fourth of July. I remember one celebration in particular that has always remained a vivid recollection of this period. A fine program of aquatic sports was given in the afternoon; rowing, swimming, tub races, tilting matches and duck chasing. Johnny Martin won the single sculls that I witnessed. In the evening, a grand display of lanterns, colored lights and fireworks preceded the great event of the entire celebration—the parade of the war canoes.

This was an impressive sight. These canoes were specially built for such occasions and held about fifty "savages." All the "Indians" were gaily decorated with war-paint and feathers. Red fire burned in the prow and stern, shedding a lurid glare for many yards around. At a given signal the parade of all the canoes started past the clubhouse, led by the war canoe whose half hundred paddles flashed as one, as the Roman candles, sky-rockets, bombs and firepots greeted the start of the "Amackassin's defiance of pale-face," or some such title, as the pageant was called. It represented some incident in the old Indian days in Yonkers, and as the blades struck the water all the "redskins" burst into a rollicking song that was strangely but marvelously re-echoed by the primeval solitudes across the river, giving unconsciously a weird but dramatic touch to the entire spectacle.

It certainly made a wonderful and gorgeous sight. For nearly a mile the shore front was ablaze with a riot of color and the celebration could be seen a long distance both up and down the river. They do not seem to have these celebrations any more.

The railroad has extended its tracks

since these days, and the old-time shore line has wholly disappeared. I suppose this has had much to do with the discontinuance of these old-time Indian festivals. Perhaps the river itself would burst into flame if we tried it today so great has become the contamination of sludge oils, etc. Nevertheless, it would have been nice to have had all the old boats clubs celebrated this Fiftieth Anniversary of ours with one of their old-time Indian pageants, with all its barbaric display of color and all its historic recognition of the red man, who peopled these shores long before the white man knew they existed.

Friendly racing contests with neighboring boat clubs between the Yonkers Corinthian, the Tower Ridge, the Tappan, Zee, Tarrytown and Ossining clubs were also a regular feature of the season. The famous yacht designer, George Moore of New York, created a special model at one time from which sixteen boats were built. Each boat measured exactly the same length, had exactly the same sails, and in every respect were absolute duplicates of each other. This did away with time allowance and all other foolishness. For several seasons these boats engaged in races each Saturday after-

noon and great interest was shown in the results. I believe this idea is again to be revived this season, Mr. Jacobus of the Corinthian, having contracted to build several of the "one design" class.

Alpine Landing

In front of the little landing at Alpine was a string of shad nets belonging to the old man who lived in one part of the Cornwallis House and made a living out of his shad catches. A little farther up, about opposite Hastings, there were other nets. On the Piermont Marshes quite a number of fishermen lived. These marshes are quite a wonderful place to visit. They are perhaps more popularly known as the salt meadows. The Sparkill River joints the Hudson at this point, and the Long Pier which comes out almost two miles from the mainland has evidently formed a breakwater behind which sand or silt has gradually been deposited by the flow of the river. The marshes are cut up by many irregular streams that have made a road for themselves to the river. In one of these semi islands, about a mile and a half from the mainland, quite a settlement sprang up with perhaps half a dozen or more wooden shacks in which the fishermen lived.

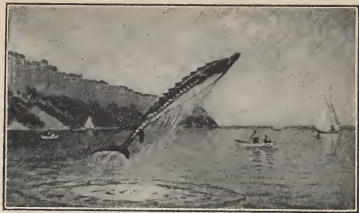


Canoe Club, Foot of Gold Street.
S. Lansing Quick and others preparing for a match.
Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

Their catches of shad in the season were evidently enough to keep them till winter set in. It was a very strange and singular little colony, and evidently a semblance of family life was maintained, of which the Monday wash line was the most tangible evidence of domestic existence.

Sometimes these marshes dried up and a fire would start. With the exception of these squatters who were easily able to move to a point of safety, no great harm was done. The huge pall of smoke and the red glow of the burning grass made an imposing sight and it lasted for many days. A sail through these intricate little channels was a delightful experience. Myriads of meadow larks, swallows and other marsh birds would start up on all sides in front of your boat, and the splash of alarmed turtles added to the pleasure of a novel experience. It is a haven of quiet, not a sound breaks the stillness, and altogether the Piermont Marshes are worth exploring. Former days saw many parties from Yonkers among the cattails and tall grasses, enjoying a day's outing in one of the strangest and yet fascinating retreats around the city.

While the marshes may have been



Leaping Sturgeon in the Hudson Opposite Yonkers, 1890.

aided somewhat by the protection of the Long Dock, they date back almost to the Glacial Period. Members of scientific bodies from all over the world have visited this natural curiosity and scientific articles have been written about them. A large paper mill now occupies the site at the mouth of the Sparkill River, and possibly the refuse from this mill may kill this peculiar vegetation and ultimately cause its disappearance. As one of the old fishing grounds of the Yonkers boys of fifty years ago it is worth while recalling.

In these far off days, residents of Yonkers were occasionally entertained by the sight of a school of porpoises sporting in the river. This was a rare occurrence and was purely accidental. It was undoubtedly the result of an unusually heavy tide and the pursuit of a school of Menhaden from the bay up the river. These visits were necessarily brief as the fish quickly discovered that they were in strange and dangerous waters. They apparently turned at Tappan Bay and were soon again out on the broad Atlantic.

With the mighty sturgeon the case was different. They were natural to these shores, and their huge bulk as they broke



"Ko-Ko-Ko-Ho"

Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

the water made an interesting sight. In the summer of '96 a very large one rose within a few feet of a boat in which the writer sailed and its huge bulk indicated a weight of at least 150 pounds. A day or two later one of a similar size was hauled ashore at Greystone. They were frequently injured by the paddle wheels of the passing steamboats and captured as a result. They, too, have now completely passed away.

The old fishing days of Yonkers seem now to have passed away, along with the gristmills, the sawmills and the taverns. They outlasted these old landmarks many years. There is still good fishing in the river, but one must now go many miles above Old Yonkers to enjoy the sport.

Trout fishing, rabbit coursing and shooting were familiar pastimes in the region of Fiddlers Green, Cat Rocks and Thirty Deer Ridge. The Grassy Sprain Reservoir contained many speckled beauties, and in some parts of the Saw Mill River the finny tribe were still fairly abundant. Skating in the winter through this picturesque valley was a delight long to be remembered. Sometimes the skaters would return with reports of being chased by hungry wolves. A lonely hoot owl gen-



Erie Depot at Piermont, 1837, now the Long Dock.

Courtesy of Simeon Ford.

erally turned out to be the source of the "pack howl," and a stray farmer's dog or two, more frightened than the skaters themselves, would usually prove to be not only the leader of the "ferocious pack," but the entire pack as well.

DAMS DOWN!

Three Nuisances Removed A Grand Night's Work

This is the headline of the Statesman, December 2, 1892, and not a few citizens will remember the famous event. To those whose memory is good the cartoon we reproduce is not forgotten; but to the mass of our readers it will be a mystery. They will be told that it signifies a dam; and many friends will point out the familiar faces involved. It is a long story. Elsewhere will be seen the various "powers" of Yonkers in the old days. The stream which graced our lovely village had been backed up in half a dozen places to furnish power for mills—whether gristmills, veneer mills, or silk mills. The value of the water power had attracted Mr. Copcutt from West Farms, and also Alex. Smith. But the city had certain rights; and the strug-



The Warburton Avenue Dam.
The pond where many citizens learned to skate.
Courtesy of Frank Schaefer.

gle was between the city and the mill-owners.

The best background for an understanding of the matter is this extract from Mr. J. T. Waring's unpublished autobiographical sketch, which we are allowed to publish here.

John T. Waring's story of the Copeutt Dam Controversy in 1862 follows:

"The next event which absorbed our interest was the extending of Riverdale Avenue from Main Street to Warburton Avenue, crossing Mr. Copeutt's dam.

"Hugh Curran had the contract and had extended the avenue as far as Copeutt's dam. He could go no further until the water was drawn off the dam, and this Mr. Copeutt refused to do.

"I went to see him and told him the importance of doing so, so as to enable the contractor to continue his work, but he refused and said to me, 'I might just as well take a pistol and shoot myself.' I tried to persuade him to consent peaceably to doing it. I assured him if he did not, the force of law would have to be resorted to, but he would not consent. At 1 o'clock the same day, the captain of police, his men, Curran and myself went to the dam in view of hoisting the water-gate and drawing the



The Warburton Avenue Dam, With Bridge Above.

Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

water off. Quite a crowd was assembled to see it, but we were unable to hoist it as Mr. Copeutt's men, one after another, got on top of the gate stern to prevent our hoisting it. Three or four of them were arrested and taken away, and finally Mr. Copeutt got on top of the gate stern. After a moment's reflection, I ordered the contractor to take his men with their crowbars and tools and go into the dam and tear it down. There was six or eight inches of water going over the dam at the time, but Curran screamed to his men with an Irish yell 'Come on!' and they went to the portion of the dam which belonged to the village, wading through it, and then began at once to tear it down.

"The village authorities had already made an award to Mr. Copeutt for the damages about to be done and he had taken the money. In a few hours the dam was pulled down and the water flowing freely, and Curran was enabled to proceed with his contract.

"Mr. Copeutt then commenced a suit against the village for fifty thousand dollars, and also against me individually, as president of the village, for the same amount. This took place during the summer of '62, but the case was not tried



Copcutt's Pond (First Water Power).

East of Warburton Avenue.

Courtesy of Edwin A. Oliver.

until the following winter. It came before Judge Lott at White Plains. Mr. Copecutt had prepared himself for the suit by making a little pasteboard village of all the property damaged, including his various mills. The plaintiff was first heard by the court and Judge Lott immediately dismissed the case without even hearing our side of it. On hearing the decision, Mr. Copecutt gathered his pasteboard village in his arms and groaned out, "There is no justice for me!" "

But our cartoon is thirty years later! Mr. Copecutt was older, but none the less stubborn. Although the Board of Health had ordered the nuisance to be abated, the sheriff had not as yet taken down the dams. In April, 1892, Mr. Oliver wrote: "Let any interested party take a look at Mr. Copecutt's property in the rear of his stores on Warburton Avenue, then answer whether any man—be he heathen or Christian—is justified in maintaining property in such a foul condition." It was the constant theme of editorials—"That Seething Nuisance." "Constant Reader" letters are printed daily, one notably from Valentine Browne, M. D.

Meanwhile Copecutt, and Prime, his



Wyer's Cartoon of the Railroad Bridge.
Courtesy of Joseph Peene.

lawyer, fought the Carpet Company and Brennan, their lawyer, over the water power question. For the city, Joseph F. Daly acted. And public opinion grew strong, with the menace of cholera much thought of.

The headline we have printed was the real answer. After all the dams were a nuisance and could not be maintained. Captain Mangin got his order from Mayor Weller: down came the dams. "It was deemed necessary that the work of demolishing be done at night, and as quietly as possible, to avoid the possibility of an injunction being used to stop it."

"At 10 o'clock the men were conducted to their respective places of operation and work was commenced. Numerous lanterns gave them light. The woodwork was first torn off the tops of the dams and then the stones were pried from their places in the walls and precipitated into the bed of the stream below. At midnight refreshments were served, and work was continued till three o'clock this morning, when such part of the dams had been removed as was deemed necessary, and today water is flowing with comparative freedom."

So was Yonkers freed of that seething



Tearing Down the Dams, 1892.

Frazier's famous cartoon, with most of the local celebrities of a generation ago ranged about the scene of action.

Courtesy of Joseph Peena

nuisance; and Mr. Copeutt never could get what he called "Justice." It was a great source of debate at the time: *vide* the figures ranged around Mayor Weller and Oliver vs. John Copeutt and his lawyers.

The Saving of Manor Hall—1895

Undoubtedly we of Yonkers do value Manor Hall a great deal. Let us not forget how near we came to losing it on one occasion. Mr. S. T. Hubbard relates the story as follows:

"One evening during the Administration of Mayor John G. Peene, I read in the Statesman an account of the meeting of the Board of Alderman of Yonkers, where a resolution had been discussed to demolish Manor Hall and erect a new City Hall upon the site. I was surprised and indignant that any effort should be made to destroy a building so wrapped in the traditions of our town and nation, that I went at once to call on Col. W. L. Heermance who was then living on Palisade Avenue near Glenwood Avenue. When I saw him I expressed to him my views and requested him to take the matter in hand, form a committee of the residents of Yonkers, and



Manor Hall in the Eighties.
Center of City Government.

endeavor to prevent the destruction of the building. I felt that I was too young a man and had not lived at that time long enough in Yonkers to carry on a successful campaign, but that I would subscribe freely to any expense which might be incurred and do my part in the work if he would lead the movement. He heartily agreed with my views and suggestions, said that he, too, would be glad to participate in the movement, but that he felt that Mr. John C. Havemeyer was better fitted to lead the effort to a successful conclusion than he would. be. On his suggestion I went from his house over to see Mr. John C. Havemeyer, told him of my interview with Colonel Heermance and his suggestions that he, Mr. Havemeyer, was the man to conquer the situation. After some earnest conversation Mr. Havemeyer, who was deeply interested from the beginning of our talk, agreed to take the matter and he did. A meeting was arranged to be held at the Warburton Theatre. Mr. William Allen Butler, Jr., came to my house and offered the theatre at the lowest possible rent. I went to the office of the Statesman and inserted an advertisement in the shape of a tombstone with this inscription:



Manor Hall Previous to Restoration by Mrs. Cochran.

Courtesy of Edwin C. Mott.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
MANOR HALL
Erected by Frederick Philipse
in 1682
Destroyed by
Board of Aldermen
of Yonkers
189—

When I handed in that advertisement Mr. John W. Oliver, to whom it was handed by the advertising clerk, turned and said to me "Young man, that will cost you thirty dollars" and when I handed him the money he said—"We will beat you any how." I kept that advertisement running until the scheme had failed and few knew who had inserted it in the Statesman. Hon. James Wood, president of the Westchester Society, spoke, and Hon. G. Hilton Scribner, who was out of town, returned on the



Getty Square, With Old Dutch Reformed Church in Distance.
Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

receipt of a telegram requesting him to do so, made a most eloquent address, which was delivered to an audience which packed the theatre from top to bottom, and so evidenced the sentiment of the city that the movement was abandoned."

It must be remembered that the aldermen modified the idea of destroying the hall and decided to erect a building for municipal purposes on the grounds of the Manor "so planned as not to obstruct or interfere in any manner with or to be directly connected with Manor Hall." The Statesman took what it thought was a common-sense attitude and marshaled hundreds of petitioners for the new plan. It suggested purchase and endowment as a solution: so far, so good. The paper also, however, railed against "non-taxpayers and sentimentalists" who would have the city waste its cash on a new site. On November 27, 1895, Mayor Peene addressed a meeting in favor of the project, and its success seemed assured. Another meeting was scheduled for the 30th, to be addressed by S. Parkes Cadman, James Wood, of Westchester Historical Society, and G. Hilton Scribner, who was called from out of town for the purpose of saving the pre-revolutionary relic.

Meanwhile the Statesman poked fun at the "attainted traitor's" mansion as an American shrine, and daily brought forth new petitioners.

The meeting in Warburton Hall was addressed by the distinguished men mentioned. It would be hard for anyone who was not present to picture the scene. The visitors who spoke attested to the fame of the building and showed their sincerity of feeling against the new plan. Then Mr. Scribner spoke, and his speech will ever be remembered. As we remember it, he had been sojourning in New England, he said, when he was asked to return to Yonkers to address the meeting. When he told his friends the object of his departure, he was surprised to learn that all, or almost all, knew of our Manor Hall. He sketched its deserved fame; then he drew a picture of 1950 when grandfather and grandson should see this ancient relic in the midst of ugly municipal buildings. Somehow Scribner touched the heart of the city. For the first time opinion really wavered among the aldermen. It is rarely that the spoken word has so strong an influence on public opinion; this, we think, was a unique example in Yonkers.

For a while the Statesman, Yonker's fine old paper, led the assault onward. It called the meeting "exclusive" (which no doubt it was). It considered that there was a burden being saddled on Yonkers unnecessarily. But the right side was triumphing slowly. Mayor Pecne finally vetoed the petition to build municipal buildings, and the veto stood 12 to 2 among the aldermen.

After all the Statesman took a common-sense attitude; yet time has shown that those who, like Mr. Hubbard, opposed the proposed buildings, saw things in a truer light. May we not be glad that no municipal buildings obstruct our unique relic? And we have a city hall, started in Mayor Coyne's time, which is far more suitable to the city than any set of buildings built fifteen years before could have been.

Education

Today we have a marvelous school building program, the result of long years of effort on the part of public-spirited citizens—in and out of the Board of Education. If anyone is to be mentioned as having notably contributed to the upbuilding of the present system,



Old View of Yonkers, Looking



North from Hudson Street

it must surely be Charles E. Gorton. But a sketch of the system, as it stands today, does not belong to this book. We can only glance backward.

We know of no school in Yonkers right through from Manorial days. The old Philipse school had fallen into decay after the Revolution. There is some notice of old No. 1 about 1804, but it was a little later that Ebenezer Baldwin (who came from Connecticut to repair St. John's steeple) secured a building and had his brother, Erastus, teach there. "In 1813, however, Mr. Lemuel Wells purchased the Manor property, and one evening prior to moving up to Yonkers, he empowered him, at his request, to erect a building for this purpose on the grounds he had just bought. Mr. Baldwin freely gave his time, his personal attention and his means to the advancement of the school, and the providing of teachers, and from this epoch with but few interruptions, Yonkers has always maintained its common schools."

There were other schools, of course. Many remember Mr. Francis' Boys' School on Locust Hill, and Mr. Foote's, later Mr. Starr's, for young ladies, on North Broadway, where the Peabody house later was located; and also

Mason's Military School. Mr. Wells, in 1840, had backed the two first mentioned. Many old figures and incidents are remembered. Mr. Ethelbert Belknap recalls coming down to the square with his father and hitching the oxen in front of the Indian Queen. The young boy would then go to the school kept by Ethan Flagg's sister, in a wooden building behind the Dutch Reformed Church. Others recall when Ebenezer Curtice took charge of the schools in 1852. It was before this, that there had been a big stir over the appropriation of \$4,000—it seemed so extravagant; their thousands correspond to our millions—those lucky taxpayers.

In 1872 it seems that there were six schools. First was that out on Tuckahoe Road and Saw Mill River Road. Its antiquity is undoubted, for many inhabitants of thirty years ago remembered it earlier in their lives. Old school, No. 2 was started near the site of the Sherman Memorial Hospital about 1833. It was later moved to its present location. Our third school was down at Mosholu until Kingsbridge was separated from the city. Later came the new No. 3. Of the other schools, like Nos. 4 and 5, little has been learned. School No. 6



Radford Hall, Getty Square, 1885.

Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

was started only in 1861, and here the story of the old schools really ends.

Since 1872 the growth has been rapid among the public schools. Similarly the parish schools have developed with the growth of parishes. But we cannot tell their story in this brief review. Proud as we are of our public school system, we must remember the invaluable part played in education by parochial schools, by private schools, business colleges and other agencies.

Some Famous Inventions and Inventors

No history of Yonkers would be complete without a special tribute to some of its great inventors, Elisha G. Otis, Alexander Smith, Halcyon Skinner, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Charles T. Harvey, David Saunders, Frank Hedley, Reginald Ward and Harold Armstrong. It is perhaps fair to say that the inventive genius of the older of these men gave Yonkers its first great impetus toward its present important manufacturing position.

It will probably come to the average reader with considerable of a surprise to be told that the elevated railroad system in New York City was first invented



Square in '88: Officer "Pete" Macgowan.

Courtesy of M. J. Witson.

and created by Yonkers men. And that one of our citizens, Mr. Charles T. Harvey, himself, rode down the suspended structure on a car to prove to the incredulous that a car so moving would not fall off the track! Fortunately, we have a photograph of the scene as it actually occurred at the time and it is reproduced.

The road was built on Greenwich Street from Thirty-fourth to the Battery, and was known as the Yonkers and West Side Railway. (It is now the Ninth Avenue Elevated and connects at One Hundred Fifty-fifth Street with the Putnam.) It was the first attempt of its kind. Our photograph shows the car at about the corner of Cedar Street, not far from the end of the line.

The motive power was by cables operated by stationary engines. The cars naturally stopped and started with a violent jerk. It is said that on the trial trip the train made such a sudden stop at Twenty-third Street that the president's false teeth flew back in his mouth and he nearly choked. This caused quite a commotion but nothing happened and the trip continued to a successful conclusion. Mr. Robert P. Getty, J. P. Ackerman and others in Yonkers were among the chief stockholders.



Great Warburton Avenue Fire, 1893.

Courtesy of Edwin A. Oliver.

The road was subsequently sold to the Gilbert Elevated Railroad and eventually became the Ninth Avenue line of the system, organized by Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field—also Hudson River men—and is still in operation.

It seems strange that our city should have been the one to undertake such a serious project; but as we have just pointed out, there were many successful inventors in Yonkers at that time and they had already achieved wonders.

They at least blazed the way for successful rapid transit and are entitled to much praise for their courage and enterprise. They hastened the coming of this great convenience to the people of New York by at least a quarter of a century. It is a brilliant chapter in the annals of Old Yonkers. If the subway ever comes to our city it will be another case of bread cast upon the waters, returning after many days.

Equally surprising is the next achievement on our list, also to the credit of Yonkers men—the recent perfection of the Radio machine. The marvelous thing about this invention is that it is the work of very young men, Reginald Ward and Harold Armstrong. Ward has long been known among his intimates as a



J. P. Ackerley of Yonkers demonstrating that an elevated train would not fall off the track! Yonkers men built the first elevated road in New York, called "Yonkers and West Side Railway," now part of Ninth Avenue Line.

Courtesy Frank Hedley, Pres., Interborough R. T. Co.

wireless genius, and as a boy in Hastings had his own "wireless" in working order long before its use or purpose was understood. As school boys he and Armstrong worked in their various problems and only recently the Supreme Court awarded Armstrong the basic patents and awarded damages amounting to over a million dollars and the end is not yet.

As everyone knows the entire carpet-weaving industry was by the completely made over labor saving looms invented at the Smith Carpet Works.

In Alexander Smith, Mr. Skinner found what all inventors need—a practical co-worker, the necessary finances to carry out his ideas, and a friend whose confidence never faltered and whose sagacity and enthusiasm were equally essential to the success which was eventually achieved.

As the result of the efforts of these two men, the industry of carpet weaving was wholly revolutionized and the cost of the finer grades so greatly reduced as to make the use of them within the reach of the ordinary purse. Axminsters, Tapestries, Moquette, etc., were manufactured in the Yonkers Mills, all on special power looms devised and perfected by Mr. Skinner. These machines



Putting the Great Sewer Through Getty Square.

Courtesy of Walter Blackburn.

were also made and licensed abroad and in this country on a royalty basis. Such a lead was obtained by the joint work of Smith and Skinner that the entire carpet industry of the world was dominated by the mills in Yonkers, and the company became in a few years an organization of world wide reputation. It is impossible to forecast the ultimate result which might have been achieved but for the untimely death of Mr. Smith. This was an event which plunged all Yonkers into mourning. It occurred on the very eve of his election to Congress and was everywhere recognized a public loss of the first importance. Business was entirely suspended on the day of his funeral and the whole city mourned. He was only sixty years of age—at the very acme of his powers—when his death occurred.

Flags everywhere flew at half mast. Mr. William Allen Butler, another of our distinguished citizens, delivered the principal address at the memorial service held a few days later and voiced the sentiments of the entire community when he spoke of the irreparable loss which Yonkers had sustained.

Another brilliant figure among the men of mechanical genius in Yonkers was that



Midsummer in the Eighties

Getty Square.

Courtesy of S. Emmet Getty.

of Rudolf Eickemeyer. It was to the shop of Eickemeyer and Osterheld that the now famous electrician Charles P. Steinmetz, now manager of the General Electric Co., came for employment when he first arrived in this country from Bavaria.

Mr. Eickemeyer became a leading figure in the manufacture and invention of special machinery used in the wool hat industry, of which Yonkers was already the leading center in 1854. His various inventions revolutionized the industry throughout the country. The Waring hat factory was among the first to patronize Mr. Eickemeyer, and their support did much to bring him the success which he subsequently achieved.

He also invented a mower with a differential gear which scored a tremendous success under the name of "Champion." During the Centennial he began some experiments in electric motors, this business not yet having attained commercial recognition. He invented the most practical form of dynamo machine yet devised, which has proved its worth as a generator and motor. It was at once adopted by the Otis Elevator people and a separate company organized for its manufacture.



Roosevelt in Yonkers, Escorted by Prominent Citizens, 1912.

Courtesy of Dan C. Nolan

Mr. Eickemeyer's work brought additional prestige to Yonkers as a manufacturing site, and his activities in various public positions of honor and trust proved him a man of sterling worth. He passed away in Washington after a brief illness in 1895. His son is well known in artistic and scientific circles for his wonderful skill in photography. Elsewhere in these pages are two beautiful examples of his work—an early misty morning on the Saw Mill and the Cornwallis House at Alpine.

Before we close this brief account of the men who first put Yonkers on the map definitely as a manufacturing city, we must include some notice of the most important firms who played a prominent part in this desirable accomplishment.

The beginnings of the Waring Hat Company go clear back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It was as long ago as 1728 that William C. Waring and Hezekiah Nichols began to manufacture bodies for wool hats in the old gristmill in the east end of the Glen at which was known as the "sixth fall."

But it was under John T. Waring that the Waring business saw its greatest expansion. Ethan Flagg and Anson Bald-

win were former partners in the business, but in 1876 J. T. and his brothers, William C. and Edward, were the only members of the firm. The capital, small at first, had grown at this time to about a million dollars. In 1869 he built the most famous residence in this part of the country, at a cost of about \$500,000. That was Greystone. Heavy losses as a result of the panic of '76 swept away his fortune, and the magnificent Greystone fell into the possession of Samuel Tilden for about a third of its cost. It is now owned and occupied by Samuel Untermyer, a brilliant member of the New York bar and the wealthiest lawyer of his time.

Mr. Waring subsequently recovered a great part of his fortune and his business became larger than ever. He never, however, cared to reoccupy "Greystone," which remained without a tenant for many years after Mr. Tilden's death.

Of other old-time merchants, reference should be made to David Saunders, who opened a machine shop in 1857 in the old Miles & Peck flour mills. They owned several valuable patents, and their product used for cutting and threading iron, steel, brass and copper pipe and fittings, is in use throughout the world.

He died in 1873, but left as a gift to Yonkers the admirable Saunders Trade School, in which boys may receive a practical education in mechanics. It is a justly famous institution and a great credit to Yonkers.

The sugar industry has recently become a prominent one in our city, both the National and the Federal having made important additions to their buildings within the past few years. Congress made Yonkers a part of the Port of New York in order that this business might compete successfully with its rivals near by. A small refinery established here in 1862, known as Jacob Read's, was the origin of this business in Yonkers. He had a small plant down on the dock front, and many old boys can recall the time when they went down there for a can of molasses. Jake used to do much of his own work and made most of the sugar used in Yonkers for several years.

The Elevator

It seems a far cry from this age of fifty-story skyscrapers with their express elevators to the time when every building in New York, both business and private, was a "walk-up." Yet there are men still living who recall the Crystal



Looking Down the Hudson.
North Broadway in foreground in the eighties.
Photograph Albert Bierstadt

Palace on Forty-second Street in New York, that forerunner and daddy of all the World's Fair and other exposition buildings that have since been a feature in this country. It was in that celebrated building (of which P. T. Barnum was president and Washington Irving one of the board of trustees) that Elisha G. Otis, a descendant of James Otis, first exhibited his "perpendicular stairway," as the elevator was then called.

He ran his car up a considerable height and, while standing upon it, cut the rope. The machine did not fall, and at once orders were placed for the new contrivance. The great Fifth Avenue Hotel on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street was then going up, and Amos R. Eno, its proprietor and a man of great enterprise, had the courage to order one for his new building. It was a huge success and did more to put the hotel on its feet than any other single thing Mr. Eno did.

The huge factories in Yonkers which have developed from this idea are all the proof needed to demonstrate the practical value of the invention. It is entirely within reason to say that no other single machine has added so much wealth to real estate as has the elevator. Without it, none of the high buildings would pay,

and the time, space and health saved by this invention is hard to calculate.

Mr. Otis first came to Yonkers in 1852. He was a good church-going citizen and a strong anti-slavery man before the war. He was a picturesque figure and is one of the outstanding characters in the pre-village days of Old Yonkers. His two sons, Charles R. and Norton P., later came into the business. It is now a corporation.

Some Famous Residents of Yonkers

Of the distinguished men and women who have come to make their homes from time to time in Yonkers, the list is a long and interesting one. Charles P. Steinmetz, the great electrical scientist, first found employment in Rudolf Eickemeyer's machine shop in our city when he first came from Germany. William G. McAdoo, who built the McAdoo Tunnel from New York to Jersey, became Secretary of the Treasury under Woodrow Wilson, whose daughter he married,—made Yonkers his home while still a penniless lawyer. He lived in the house occupied for so many years by William Webster Ellsworth, second presi-

dent of the great Century Publishing Company.

Roswell P. Smith, founder of the Century and the man who did more for American art and letters than any other single individual, had his home here during the amazing success of the Century with its famous Civil War articles and its dictionary. To enumerate the list of distinguished men in all walks of life who were the guests of Mr. Smith while in Yonkers would be to recapitulate all the celebrated statesmen, authors and artists of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

In a certain sense the most renowned citizen of our community was undoubtedly the late Samuel J. Tilden, the Sage of Greystone. He was governor of the State and his disputed election to the Presidency in '76 is still fresh in the minds of many of our old residents.

In a city so filled with distinguished men it is unwise to single any one or two out of the many for special mention. Yet we recall with much pleasure the residence among us of the late John Kendrick Bangs and his humorous account of his candidacy for Mayor of the city.

William H. Anderson, the courageous

leader of the Prohibitionists also sheds luster on our community. His compliments to the rumseller and saloonkeeper are classic in English invective. He wastes no time with split infinitives. Alfred McCann, of Yonkers, has lately been his redoubtable opponent.

Nor should the genial Jeff De Angelis be overlooked. This delightful comedian is an honor to the stage and has a host of admirers in Yonkers as well as the country at large. Only the limits of our space compel us to shorten this list. Kellar, the magician, and Clara Morris also lived here.

Commodore Nolan, he of the *Gazette*, made a cruise in the *Dot* to Albany some ten years ago which resulted in a "Log" that found a host of literary admirers. It was reviewed in the *New York Herald*, and caused such a demand for the little production as to necessitate a second edition. The Commodore's genial wit was, of course, responsible.

The present beautiful building of the "Hollywood Inn" is in striking contrast to its humble quarters in North Broadway over Radcliff's Market. Its next move was to the corner of Main, in the rooms afterwards used by the Salvation Army. Mr. W. F. Cochran then became

interested and erected the present comfortable home. In a similar manner, both Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. have advanced from their modest houses to wonderful new buildings.

Another well-known man who resided in Yonkers was G. Hilton Scribner, a lawyer of wide repute, especially honored in being Secretary of State of New York. Mr. Scribner entertained many famous personages. He devoted much of his time to scientific research and is famous for the Scribner theory of the "Circum-Polar Origin of Life."

Artists of Yonkers

Among the many men of eminence whom Yonkers has numbered among her citizens, we must not omit mention of several artists of high standing. The greatest perhaps was A. H. Wyant, a truly great American artist, now deceased some thirty years. Arthur Tait, painter of Adirondack scenes, and James R. Brevoort were well-known academicians. Arthur Parton, E. Wells Sawyer, who live here still, and Henry Parton, became leaders in their fields. Henry Woodbridge, Benoni Irwin, Howard Butler, E. L. Morse and George Reeve too may be

mentioned. Alfred Jones did some of his finest work in engraving here, and leaves a delightful little etching of Manor Hall in that revered building. Tojetti made his home here, and his country-wide popularity was proof of genius. Long ago Napoleon Sarony built a beautiful home on Palisade Avenue. Bierstadt made some beautiful pictures of this, his city. Then, too, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., has long led in artistic photograph. Twenty-seven years ago (was it in Palmer East's?) he gave us lovely pictures, many of the West, which he had just visited; and many who were privileged to see these saw them surpassed in 1922 at the Anderson Galleries.

Some Old-Time Names of Half-forgotten Places

Many of the old localities well known to Yonkers people have gone the way of the sleighs, and the ox-drawn cart, once a familiar sight. They are now covered with paved streets, huge buildings and otherwise swallowed up in the march of local improvements.

THE GETTY HOUSE.—The site of the Getty House has always been occupied apparently by an inn or tavern. There

was one in particular kept by a David Hunt during colonial times that figures prominently in the records of that period. Another story says that Colonel Williams steward for the Manor, kept the tavern first. The lords of the Manor were wont to meet here and transact the public business. After the Revolution, when Yonkers had become a township in 1788, the town meetings were held here. David Hunt passed along to be succeeded by Jacob Stout. His tavern, "The Indian Queen Inn," was headquarters for all the comings and goings of the outside world for many years. Never did a stage drive up but the merry villagers were there to greet it. The local statesmen and the village gossip gathered there in the evening to regulate the affairs of the world. Soon after the Getty family came to Yonkers, the Nappekamac, as James Bashford's inn was now known, was removed to New Main (Mechanic) Street and Nepperhan Avenue. Every succeeding alteration has left its great rafters intact. In '92 we remember that a fountain was installed, but it did not last long. The Square maintained all its old-time simplicity for nearly half a century, including a pump and a small park.

"THIRTY DEER RIDGE" extended north

along the range of hills reaching beyond the north city line. Along this chain of hills in the old days ran a herd of wild deer, and the number in the herd gave the name to the ridge. In the valley to the east and west of this range flow the Grassy Sprain and Sprain brooks.

Squirrel and rabbit hunting and quail shooting were part of the delights of old Thirty Deer Ridge years ago.

THE VILLAGE GREEN. — West of the Manor property, where part of the Otis Elevator works now stand, was our early Village Green. This was in the '40s. In those days the Manor House property as far east as the Post Road was owned and occupied by Farmer Wellsworth, who is remembered by Wells Avenue, which was named after him. Similarly, the later owner, Judge Woodworth, had an avenue named after him.

The Village Green played an important part in the life of our little local affairs. It was the training ground for the military organization known as the Scrugham Guards. Target companies came up from New York, bringing their wooden targets with them. The spring circus showed itself there, and altogether it was a busy and highly popular section of the village.

The development of the city finally

caused its gradual disappearance. One street would be opened across it and then another. Houses followed the streets, and finally there was nothing left to remind the people that once they had owned a real sure enough Village Green. Even the sandy hill northwest of the Manor House has gone.

CHICKEN ISLAND.—A short distance from the Square on New Main Street to a little street called Posts Lane, a bend in the Nepperhan may be seen. This formed the lower end of what was once an island. Crossing the bridge, you come to Ann Street. This runs through what was formerly the middle of the island. A branch of the river that came out just south of Elm Street and joined the main stream at Flagg's Millpond formed the other boundary of the island. There was a dam on the east side which furnished power for a number of small factories, blacksmith shops and the like, and the rush of water could be heard all over that part of town. This was one of the dams that were continued long after the reason for their original existence had passed and were a constant obstacle to the march of improvement. When patience ceased to be a virtue, Mayor Weller took the law into his own hands

one day and physically destroyed the obstruction, leaving it to the courts to settle the controversy with the owner.

With the removal of the dam, the island soon disappeared, and for many years its junction with the mainland has been so complete that few recall that an island ever stood there.

During the late '40s the island was occupied by Henry Dingee, who made equipment for the soldiers in the Mexican War. It was during his time that the island received its queer name. He kept an enormous number of chickens and put a fence all around the island to keep them in. Popular fancy seized upon this incident, and the place was thenceforth known as Chicken Island. Edward Underhill built a brewery there subsequently, and as he advertised his ale and porter very extensively, the oddity of the name attracted attention and the place became known far and wide.

Our first skating rink opened there, and Mazeppa Engine, one of our earliest volunteer fire companies, also had their quarters on the island. The City Club was organized from the Yonkers Lyceum, which originally occupied a two-story building there, and the Yonkers Turn Verein also occupied the same structure for several years.

There is now no real Chicken Island and no chickens. The Nepperhan still flows rear it. "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Even the name seems doomed to extinction, yet it occupies a pleasant place in all recollections of Old Yonkers.

DAVIDSON'S LANE.—On Waverly Street there was once a famous apple orchard where Pound Sweets and Fall Pippins drew the ever-present street urchin who liked nothing better than robbing an orchard. The old armory stands on this orchard today. A row of fine old pine trees marked the road to Linden Street, at the end of which stood an old wooden gateway. This was Davidson's Lane, the way the reluctant feet of all the boys and girls from Nodine Hill were wont to go on the way to School No. 2. The road began at Nepperhan Avenue and School Street and up to Waverly Hill. The old lane continued to Linden Street, where it met up with the residence of John Davidson. In later years this old house came into the possession of Rudolf Eickemeyer. The big house still remains, but is likely to be purchased as a site for a new high school.

THE CAT ROCKS.—North of the Tuckahoe Road, not far from the pumping



Yonkers

The center of our city as in



in 1882

it appeared 40 years ago.

Courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce.

station of the public water works, is a high rocky hill, the cliff-like face of which is formed of what builders call "Mile Square" granite. The city formerly worked the place for street building rubble. In early years this formed an excellent hiding place for bobcats and an equally productive source for good hunting. The cats were highly destructive to the crops of the adjacent farmers and a war of extermination ensued. The cats finally disappeared, but the name remains.

FIDDLERS GREEN.—Here is one of the most interesting localities in old Yonkers. It occupied the side hill sloping down to Nepperhan Avenue along Lake Avenue, and was at one time a large expanse of beautiful green field. To the musical family of the Enrights the place owes its name.

From the performances of this famous orchestra on this beautiful outdoor stage, the scene of their delightful rehearsals became known as "Fiddlers Green." It was a unique organization, the members of which were well and favorably known to all the people of Yonkers a generation ago.

The old field is now cut up and its romance belongs to the past. But the

memory of these delightful evenings will ever remain a pleasant recollection in the annals of old Yonkers.

OLD BASE BALL GROUNDS.—The Eagle fields on Nodine Hill and the Buckwheat field on the high ground on Van Cortlandt Park Avenue, toward Park Hill. All the old Yonkers boys, members of the various nines, played on one or the other of these fields. The Buckwheat field also had a splendid half-mile running track.

THE BARN LOTS.—East of Nodine Hill were the "Barn Lots," headquarters of the Yonkers Gun Club. Trap shooting for live birds as well as clay pigeons was held here.

PARK HILL is named after Robert Parkhill Getty. His house stood before it—the present Park Hill Inn building, altered and moved.

MILE SQUARE.—Along the Bronx River on the east and about a mile square adjoining is a locality formerly known by this queer title. It arose from the fact that when Frederick Philipse purchased all the land formerly owned by Van der Donck there was specifically excepted a tract "a Mile Square," as described above. This land was afterwards disposed of by John Doughty of

Flushing, a brother-in-law of Van der Donck's, to Francis French, Ebenezer Jones and John Westcott. It was the scene of considerable fighting during the Revolution.

PIGEON HILL.—North of the present Oliver Avenue and west of the present No. 7 Public School was a rocky and wooded hill which was then called Pigeon Hill. Where the first Dayspring Presbyterian Hill stands were large cedar trees. On Nodine Hill near by was also a cluster of large oak trees. Pigeons multiplied here in enormous numbers. It finally became necessary to reduce the flocks, and great numbers were trapped by the fowlers in nets. The vast flocks of birds are now no more, but the name remains.

HOG HILL.—This name for the district "over the Glen" is not an old one. The hill was once called Oak Hill. St. Joseph's Avenue was once Oakhill Avenue, as many remember. The most sensible idea as to the origin of the name "Hog Hill" is that pigs were sent there to feed on acorns. There are many other stories, but space does not allow us to speak of them. Suffice it to say "Hog Hill, America," was a facetious address for those who lived in the district.

The great estate at the top of the hill was the Flaggs', of which the house still stands, with an imposing monastery rising above it. Before Park Avenue was cut through the Peake estate came next, where the Homeopathic Hospital stands. On Ashburton Avenue for a time the Saunders used to live. Down the hill eastward came many settlers from Ireland to build their cottages. It is still a thickly populated district, but later races have taken the place of the old Irish settlers largely. Ashburton Avenue has long been a prosperous business district. The stores have not increased in size so much as numbers.

THE GLEN.—Garden Street from Palisade to Yonkers Avenue was a noted district fifty years ago. It was the scene of many a fight between rival factions, and, we are told, people used to walk along the aqueduct of a Sunday to see the doings in the Glen. The district was famous, too, for its reception to Republican election day parades—when they had the hardihood to enter it. In the days before Nepperhan Avenue was built, before Garden Street was graded, Irishmen came on the sides of the hill to build their homes. Before that a few families like the Burlingtons lived in the

Glen. Old residents remember when one had to part the bushes to walk into it. A deer park is remembered near Baldwin Pond. And there was an old road on the side of Cornell's Hill. Long since many old families have left it, but Red Welsh, the Milkman, "Top of the Glen" Sliver, Cashman's Boarding House, Radcliff's Slaughter House, the Rising Star Social Club are unforgotten. Inhabitants mention that a Peter Nodine lived on their side of the river. The change has been very great. Copcutt's and Russell's ponds have gone. "Glen Park" has been laid out. The old icehouse of "nigger-head" cut stone, like Copcutt Mansion, is buried in a dump. Flats have risen on the site of the Bell's garden, with its pear trees, and the board fence along old Factory Street is gone.

THE FLATS.—Rich, Scrymser and Woodworth, the contractors for a part of the railway, acquired from Wells the district known as the Flats. They laid out streets, and two of the partners built on Buena Vista Avenue.

At this time there was no Catholic Church in Yonkers. Judge Woodworth gave property for one, however; so came old St. Mary's. Accordingly, a great settlement of Irish families took place on

the Flats, where lots were for sale.

THE SHONNARD LANDS.—Everyone knows beautiful Shonnard Terrace. The name came from the fact that Frederic Shonnard, about 1820, bought some 220 acres a mile north of Manor House, extending to the Bolmer line (Greystone). It was a beautiful estate, but like the Ludlow property, it demanded huge wealth to maintain it. So it gradually passed into the hands of small owners, and now more and more homes grace its acres.

THE DORTIC HOUSE.—Who, visiting our city, does not wonder at that beautiful mansion on South Broadway between Kellenger and Herriot streets? Few houses have its exquisite lines. It is sad-denying to see its disrepair. It was long thought suitable for a high school; it is still ready for some use.

Long ago Prince Paddock lived there—he who with his brother Fred built the Elm Street dam in 1837—"Fifth Water Power." The house, facing the river, had lands running down to it, and a mill at the foot. The Dortics bought the mansion in the '40s.

Ludlow—Old and New

The Ludlow chapter of our history is an interesting one. T. W. Ludlow, prior



The Ludlow House, 1846.

From an old print.

Courtesy of Mrs. James B. Ludlow.

to 1836, acquired a large tract in South Yonkers and built there his house, known as "Cottage Lawn." The grounds were laid out by A. J. Downing of Fishkill, the first landscape architect of America, and "Cottage Lawn" became a show place of the Hudson River. As one walks today down Beechwood Terrace, with its little homes dotted around, one may think of the great estate. As one comes to Culver Street and Hawthorne Avenue, where a school is soon to be erected, one may muse upon the passing of the lovely gardens that were once upon that spot. Near the house one sees now the last of a forest of chestnut trees, planted long ago by Col. Lewis G. Morris.

In the vicinity of the old house one may see the tile stones under the arbor from the home of H. M. Schieffelin. In front one may see plainly in spring a peculiar fountain made from a mill-stone taken from Saw Mill riverbed, and on it A. V. C., the initials of Augustus Van Cortlandt.

"Cottage Lawn" is still a beautiful estate. We can only imagine its beauty before the burden of taxes began to force its being cut up. The ponds near Purser



Purser's Pond, Ludlow Estate

About 1870.

Courtesy of Mrs. Ludlow Winters.

Place, "Purser Pond and the Basin," are gone.

Residents of Ludlow today may often think of the past of their neighborhood—how its country loveliness gave way to suburban beauty.

VALENTINE HILL AND HOMESTEAD.—Eastward from Nodine's Hill tower observatory across the valley from Tibbets Brook is the famous Valentine Hill. It figures prominently during the Revolution. The house in which Washington is said to have made his headquarters was torn down in 1840. It stood about six hundred feet¹ southwest of the present Roman Catholic Seminary, now on Valentine Street, the course of which is from Yonkers Avenue to the present Jerome Avenue. We are able to present a picture of the old Revolutionary House as it appeared in the midst of this conflict. Elizabeth Valentine, who died in the Valentine house in 1854 at eighty-eight years of age, was a little girl about ten years of age when General Washington took her on his lap. She never forgot the incident.

The main part of the Valentine house was constructed about 1690, probably. The addition occupied by Washington was a later construction and was nearer

the road. The Valentine house and Valentine Hill are among the most frequently mentioned items of the struggle as it ebbed and flowed through this so-called neutral territory of Westchester County.

Mr. Dudley Valentine relates that Washington spent part of four summers on the hill. Sometimes it was occupied by the British, sometimes by the Americans. Before the Battle of White Plains Washington borrowed two yoke of oxen, and his secretary gave a receipt, burned by the old aunt in 1850.

Washington's favorite chair is in Manor Hall. Before White Plains he sat in it. He made a prayer, ending with Isaiah 22:22.

GUION LANE.—This was descended on the north side to the bridge over the brook, and ascended on the south side to a country road now known as Main Street. At Jack's Brook Bridge the land has been filled in several feet to the present Nepperhan Avenue grade.

FERN BROOK rose east of the present South Broadway on lands once owned by Isaac Post. It emptied into the Hudson. Years ago Thomas W. Ludlow had a saw mill near a pond which was formed by damming up Fern Brook. The mill

burned down. Fernbrook Carpet Mills received its name from this stream. An old map of 1785 shows quite a number of small streams, the names of which have not survived. A dozen more or less flowed into the Hudson and as many more to the Bronx. By reference to the Stauffer picture, it will be seen that the Saw Mill was rather a wide and important waterway, suitable for the location of many water power factories which were afterwards located on its banks.

The passerby on Main Street who catches an occasional glimpse of this stream running under buildings and streets does not see the river of olden days by any means. It is now a small and obscure waterway of no particular use and more of a nuisance than anything else. Yet in its day it was the leading feature of Yonkers. The last real opening on Main Street is just being closed over.

Random Notes

For a long time no Irishman could be elected in certain wards of Yonkers, as the Scotch would knock the tar out of him. Nowadays the other foreigners are numerous enough to lick both of them.

In the recent great growth of Yonkers

the ranks of the Scotsmen have not kept pace with the Poles, Hungarians, Mesopotamians, Armenians, Slavs, Russians and other foreign contingents. In fact, the same remark applies also to the Irish and the Germans. We are, undoubtedly, passing through a new era.

Yet the Yonkers or Alex Smith and his Scotchmen was a very real and tangible thing in the '70s, and their numbers and importance were enough to give it a name which it enjoyed for many years—the Scotch City.

The annual dinner on Burns' birthday night was formerly a noted affair in Scotch circles. Our old friend John Reid was usually one of the prominent figures on these occasions, and was an immensely effective after dinner speaker. He was the father of golf in America, and in the opinion of many persons is bound some day to occupy one of the coveted niches in the Nation's Hall of Fame. His friend, Carnegie, purchased and equipped St. Andrews Golf Links, close to our city, the first regularly ordained links in America.

This perfectly impossible and bewildering game has so many devotees in Yonkers that two other courses are needed to accommodate the demand—

Dunwoodie and The Hudson River Golf Club.

No one yet has ever answered the question, "Why is golf?" But the game introduced by Mr. Reid is easily one of the great popular fads of the day, and it continues to make converts constantly.

No mention of Yonkers a quarter of a century ago would be complete without reference to the Old Salvation Army which held forth nightly in Getty Square. Saturdays were their great day. The barracks were where the entrance to the Putnam depot now stands.

The religious life of Yonkers, its churches, parishes, Sunday schools and other activities, cannot be adequately described in so small a book as this, but should not be wholly omitted. They are a wonderful adjunct to the home life of Yonkers.

Au Revoir

It has been very pleasant to pass in review these memories of a quainter and possibly a more delightful Yonkers than the city we know today. There were no telephones or trolleys, the motor car was still unknown—in that already far-off age.

There have been many, many changes. Yet from our glorious hills we still see the

same unchanged majestic cliffs of the everlasting Palisades; the same glorious sunsets are the heritage of the sons as they were of the fathers. Some things we may never forget, and one is the superb beauty of the Hudson.

HENRY COLLINS BROWN.

ANVEDY
LINTIC

